PS 3505
.H52 V4
1895
Copy 1

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.
PS 3505
Chap. ..... Copyright No. .....
Shelf. H52 V4
1895
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Verses,

By Howard Gibbs Chase.

PUBLISHED BY THE JENSON PRESS AT PHILADELPHIA IN THE YEAR MDCCCXCV

Verses,

By Howard Gibbs Chase.

PUBLISHED BY THE JENSON PRESS
AT PHILADELPHIA
IN THE YEAR
MDCCCXCV

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
COPYRIGHT
JUN 27 1895
CITY OF WASHINGTON
26514 aa

PS3505
.H52V4
1895

This edition is limited to One Hundred and Sixty Copies, of which this Copy is Number.....

1895
COPYRIGHTED BY THE AUTHOR.

BLOOMINGDALE & CO., Ltd.
Philadelphia, Pa.

DEDICATED TO G. W.

ON THE WICOMICO.

Beneath a sky bright strewn with stars,
The narrow deep Wicomico,
In silent battle vainly wars
The moon-led tide's resistless flow.

Along its winding length the hush
Of evening, while its soul explores
The shadowed gloom of every bush
And ruined wharf along its shores.

Down from the town above is borne,
With murmuring ripples at it floats,
The stream's sleep silent bosom torn
With silver shivering wake,—a boat.

It passes slowly on, is lost
To the last strain of thwarted sight,
The sound of laughter faintly tossed,
Across uncertain stretch of night.

A schooner on the ebbing tide,
A vagrant breath persuading on,
With reaches short the stream astride
Drops down; and then it too is gone.

The eyes of heaven twinkling gaze,
Upon the river, lone once more,
On lapping water 'long the quays,
Deserted bank and dreaming shore.

Then one by one the stars go out;
Dim gray of morning heralds dawn;
The Eastward glow completes the rout
Of darkness; and the night is gone.

ON THE SHORE.

The roll of ocean breaking on the beach,
Beyond the steep sharp slant of distant sail
The blue of sea and Heaven's middle reach,
Their far off meeting dim as haze, and pale.
Neptune at rest; his pronged trident still;
His chariot horses safely stabled, sleep;
Benignant Boreas with steady will
Wafts on the wanderer across the deep.
The fisher draws his net with goodly catch,
And homeward bound his staunch old smack he lays;
The bather leaves his breaker wrestling match,
The dulling West warns swift departing day.
Then twilight, heeding Eros' sure decree,
Draws down the darkness over land and sea.

THE POCONOS.

On the heights of Pocono,
Clad in oak and fragrant pine,
Loit'ring touches sun's red glow,
In its lingering decline.

Down within the gorges sheer,
Mountain torrents fiercely brawl,
Where the rock walls domineer
Depths of dimness mystical.

Climbing ridges terrace steep,
Upward toward the hanging spurs,
Where the vaunting pine winds sweep,
Red shale ledges, clinging firs.

Like the billows of a sea,
Storm urged to tumultuous rage,
Hills roll back in anarchy,
Wild upheaval's heritage.

Ramparted against the sky,
Blue Ridge line horizon bounds,
Whose grim, lordly bulwark high,
Pocono so nobly crowns.

From the summit's altitude,
Distance bows to sight's command,
Over all the solitude,
Of a rugged fashioned land.

A PRAYER.

Oh Thou Incarnate God, who from Thy throne above,
Dost look upon the world, with Thy far-reaching love;
Grant unto us Thy blessing, help us to keep the road,
On which we all must travel, to reach eternal good.
We mortals are but weak, and often go astray,
Reaching out Thy guiding hand, and show us the right way.
We thank Thee for the blessings, Thou hast on us bestowed.
Keep all beneath this humble roof, in safety, oh my God.

"SWEETHEART, SWEETHEART."

"My order is filled," she replied to my query.
"I'm sorry I cannot give you a dance,
"And I know that I shall get, ah, so weary,
"If I could but escape by some happy chance.

'Ah, yes ; there is the conservatory,
"I'll sit out this waltz with you at least."
And concealed behind some palms in their glory
We talked until the music had ceased.

And then—well she sat out the next measure,
The next and the next, refusing them all
To the men that before she had promised the pleasure,
Until it was over, that dearest old ball.

She bade me good-night in the conservatory,
'Twas for a short time we were only to part,
And I know that even the palms in their glory
Envied to me her "Sweetheart, Sweetheart."

MEMORIES.*

TO A FADED VIOLET.

WHAT is hiddden in thy leaves,
Tender thoughts, my fancy weaves,
Might thy faded lips but breathe,
Sweet blue April darling.
With thy faded lips to mine
Gone the odour so divine,
Dry mute lips that still inshrine
Memories of my darling!

Memories, memories of the past
Ever dear unto the last,
Memories of a love so vast
Memories—Ah, my darling.

Love has wilted like thy leaves,
'Tis he trusts while she deceives,
Broken heart that ever grieves
For its faithless darling.

Yet, for love of her divine,
Finding thee purpled as wine,
I hold thy faded lips to mine
Dead, blue April darling.

Memories, memories of the past,
Ever dear unto the last
Sweet love memories unsurpassed
Memories—Ah, my darling —
Memories of a love that lasts,
Memories—Ah, my darling.

*Written to the air of Stult's "Fancies."

TO A GLOVE.

THE old time-worn expression "Tender memories of
long ago,"
Flits across my wandering fancy, 'neath this
glorious Summer moon;
And I wonder if it ever,—if it ever will be so,
That thou, dear glove, wilt be a memory,—a
memory all too soon.

I found thee in the morning, the dance the night before
Had tired her completely, and I urged her leave
at two;
'Twas there she must have dropped thee, all unheeded
on the floor,
Quite neglected and forgotten, as we bade a
fond adieu.

I found thee in the morning, and I keep thee with me
still;
And ever,—aye, forever, I'll cherish thee most
dear,
For thou hast often pressed her hand, again perhaps
yet will;
God grant to us its sharing, in a time that will
be near.

BROWN EYES.

Brown eyes are the sweetest of all
In depths of affection and feeling,
In tenderness, sympathy, all,
Their adorable glances revealing.

Brown eyes. To me speak not of blue,
With cold calculation a-scheming,
Which are neither tender nor true,
Notwithstanding their counterfeit seeming.

Brown eyes. To me speak not of black,
So treacherous, dire, unforgiving
In hated, commencement of wrack,
Distrust of the living of living.

Brown eyes, clearest mirrors of soul,
Alone can entice sweet emotion,
They are worthy, and merit the whole
Of true love's eternal devotion.

SALLIE.

NYMPH, sprightly, light as bird a-wing,
Perpetual zephyr's swift embrace,
Glad joyous waft, a heart to sing,
Twin beaming stars in laughing grace:
Care-free, sweet Mischief, fancy giv'n,
Where as it will, and roams as she,
A fickle gracious gift of heaven,
A dear pervading tyranny.

ABSENCE.

WHY art so slow, oh Father Time
When she and I are parted?
With her my days are all sublime,
While now I'm heavy hearted.

So quicken then thy pace for me,
Hast on as sprightly zephyr;
If thou need'st rest, permit I thee
To lag when we're together.

A REFUSAL.

ONLY a hesitation,
Only a weary sigh,
Only a slight evasion,
Only a drooping eye.
Only a fleeting frown,
Only a proud head tossed,
Only a study brown,
Only a Strauss waltz lost.

FISHING.

MAIDEN fisher, you have set
Attraction's woven beauty-net;
In its meshes whom you wish
Ever catching, you may fish.

Fishing in some little cove
Is not meet for you, oh no;
So away and be you free
Havoc the expanse of sea.

THE BELL.

DING, dong,—what is wrong
With the bell?
Handle out, a foot about,
What the—well,
It's all right, wire not tight,
Maid will come.
Then rejoice, at a voice,
She's at home.

BECAUSE.

"I LOVE you well, my sweetheart shy,
Loyal my heart, and true."
The maiden, blushing, answered, "I
Can love no one but you."

"Why do you love me, my adored,
I want to know?"—a pause.
And then she answered with a word,
"I love you just—because."

ONLY JOKING.

A MAIDEN whispered once to me,
While gazing in my eyes:
"In you I've found affinity,
I love, I realize."

"Is't true?" I cried; "oh, joy divine,
My fears are then assuaged.
I'll tell *mon mere* that you are mine,
And that we are engaged".

Right merrily she laughed at me,
And it was too provoking:
"Conceited fellow, why can't you see
That I was only joking?"

THAT WHITE GOWN.

"To-night may I show you the glorious moon?"
Said I to a maid while at dinner,
And id'ly I toyed with my slim coffee spoon,
As I waited reply from the winner.

"Perhaps—but you see that in white I'm arrayed,
That is, all but my soul—so don't wonder;
And the dust—well really, I'm very afraid,
Oh, I don't want to walk over yonder."

"'Twould be such a pleasure,—but then as you please,
Though the summer-house walk is so charming;
You know it, the walk through the grove of oak trees,
Is the prospect so very alarming?"

"Well,—yes, for I'm really afraid for my gown,
I'll go on some other occasion."
And seeing flee over her face a wee frown,
I left off my gentle persuasion.

A half an hour later, as much time had passed,
I saw her white gown disappearing,
Down through the oak grove, ever so fast,
With another—I'll tell you 'twas cheering.

And then,—well, to you I'll confess that I moped,
No more was I happy and merry.
You'll sympathize with me, for ah, I had hoped,
Am I sad yet? Don't ask me—ah, very.

HIS PROMISE.

He said, if she gave him only one kiss,
He would not request repetition.
So the others he took from this pretty Miss,
Were taken without her permission.

THE SECRET.

GUESS ye, who read, the secret in these lines;
Rest not until the mystery concealed,
Adroitly solved, stands all revealed
Clear from the cypher where it now is sealed,
Ecstatic in its motives and designs.

Which spoken, sounds so sweetly on the ear,
His happiness creating to possess,
Imaginations greatest, not the peer,
The gem so priceless and so ransomless,
E'en that 'twere rapture only to be near.

THE WEDDING.

LED deftly from another strain
The Wedding March from Lohengrin
Came soft and low; to wax, then wane,
To fade but to begin again.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

A BUD she was when first I met her,
I fell in love with her, I trow ;
But I am glad I did not get her,
For she is but a wall-flower now.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

'Tis said a simple Christmas gift,
And one that comes straight from the heart,
Shows truer course of love's sweet drift,
Than one in which love has less part.

If this is so—I think it is—
This limping little verse of mine
Is valued more than gift of his
To all appearance far more fine.

A Merry Christmas, mother dear,
My wish for thee; and I am sure,
That it is echoed by all here,
In hearts where, sweet, you rest secure.

COLLEGE HALL AT MID-NIGHT.

[After Aldrich,]

HUSHED are the class-rooms, hushed the hum of voices;
Gone is the multitude of busy students—
Pennsylvanians, erudite, athletic,
Full course and specials. Not a single foot-fall
Sounds in the long stretches of the hallways.
Philo and Zelo, both long since deserted,
Echo no longer ambitious oratory;
Drenched with moonlight lies the silent campus.

Skyward the clock-tower, a silhouette fantastic;
Earthward black shadows flung from jutting stone-work.
At intervals the soughing of the night breeze
Through the many high strung wires.
This and the distant rumble of the railway
Skirting the lazy waters of the Schuylkill,
Scarce disturbs the all impressive stillness.
Deeper each moment seems to grow the silence,
Denser the vivid yellow bath of moonlight.
Hark! On the tower, above the Hall of Learning,
Startling the sparrows with its sudden clangour,
The bell peals forth the hour. 'Tis mid-night.

A SONG OF PENNSYLVANIA.

I SING to men both tried and true,
Proud each to be Penn's son;
I sing to the wearers of red and blue,
And the game that they have won.
I sing to Osgood, Brooke and Knipe,
To Thornton, Mackey, Vail,
And the rest of them who almost took,
A victory from Yale.

I sing my praise of the grand old game,
Of the progress Penn has made;
I sing to her renowned name
And her glory ne'er to fade;
I sing to the college which perseveres
And the grit she does display,
So rise up, boys, and give three cheers
For Penn-syl-va-ni-a.

SONNET ON EXAMINATIONS.

Oh Finals, why art thou so very grue?
A cold and most unpleasant chill does come
To me with these examinations due,
Perhaps, when over I shall hie me home.
Those frequent letters; "Son art thou prepared
To take the highest honours of thy class?"
Ah, knows he not how very badly scared—
Uncertain even whether I do pass.
And when before crowned wisdom I appear,
My erudition now to put to test,
To joy and gladness turns my early fear,
I find I've really passed the very best.
Then joy which all unhoped success is giving,
Makes life for me again well worth the living.

THE SONG OF THE FRESHMAN.

SLIM and dainty as a fairy,
With your skin so snowy white,
Sweet intoxicating very,
Like the breezes of the night ;
At my early hour of rising
My fond thoughts are with you yet,
My alluring, my enticing,
My bewitching—cigarette.

THE SONG OF THE SOPHOMORE.

Cheeks as rich and brown as autumn,
Curves that I can ne'er forget,
So exquisite have I thought them;
Soul of fire, too, my brunette;
Disposition all caressing
Fragrant breath and lips so ripe,
I am happy in possessing
My old briarwood, bull-dog pipe.

THE COLLEGE BRED GIRL.

A COLLEGE bred girl,
In society's whirl,
Is quite out of place, you'll agree.
For so erudite
Is she, that on sight,
The men all away from her flee.

But Mary, the charmer,
Lets nothing alarm her,
But "gang her awn gait" so to speak.
For she is so pretty,
So winsome and witty,
The men her bright company seek.

They soon get to know her,
Can't do enough for her;
They find that they know something yet;
For much to their gladness,
She could without sadness,
Her deep college learning forget.

H'RAY! H'RAY!

The College man does never seem,
Weary of enthusing,
Over his college football team,
Winning games or losing.
Don't say?
Aye, yes and sounding to the sky
Shouts he loud his college cry,
H'ray! H'ray!

"MIDNIGHT CLUB" DRINKING SONG.*

Come drink lads
To our fads;
Hail the Midnight Club.
We have health,
We have wealth,
Where then is the rub.
Profs. are bores
Freshmen sores,
College is a grind.
But we think
If we drink,
Joy in beer we'll find.
Cock-tails, fizzes, flips,
Extra Dry,
Or Ruinart,
Out with jokes and quips,
Laughter now
Finds a mart.
Drink then lads, ha, ha,
Spirits gay
Let's maintain.
Light of Africa
Glasses fill
Once again.

*Written to the air of Holst's "Happy Birds."

Ah,—the desire to loaf life through,
Now absent is from hearts so few,
We will enjoy our liberty
And spend our gold eternally;
Ah,—the desire to loaf life through,
Now absent is from hearts so few,
Drinking forever,
Sighing, ah, never,
Ever be happy and gay.

A FRATERNITY MEDLEY.

Delta Kappa Epsilon,
Beta Sigma Omicron,
Delta Gamma, Sigma Chi,
Kappa Alpha, Zeta Psi,
Sigma Phi, Gamma Phi Beta,
Delta Psi, Phi Delta Theta,
Sigma Nu, Psi Upsilon,
Sigma Alpha Epsilon,
Chi Psi, Alpha Delta Phi,
Chi Phi, Beta Theta Pi,
Delta Phi, Phi Gamma Delta,
Alpha Phi, Tau Delta Delta,
Phi Kappa Psi, Phi Kappa Sigma,
Phi Alpha Chi, Pi Kappa Alpha,
Kappa Sigma, Phi Theta Psi,
Delta Upsilon, Pi Beta Phi.

IMPOSSIBLE.

"SHALL I brain him?" cried the hazer;
And the victim's courage fled.
"You can't, it is a Freshmen,
Just hit it on the head."

ENCORE.

Bob was heartily encored,
As a Freshman, so I hear,
For the Faculty asked him
To repeat for them—the year.

A NIGHTMARE.

THE class-banquet, a huge success
Adjourned in fulsome happiness
Then straight to Morpheus I steered
To dream a dream most weirdly weird.

I sat at the table with the rest
And ate of everything the best,
Nor wondered at the strange array
Of dishes that were there displayed.
First Horse Tail Soup, my lips did greet,
Be not surprised, 'twas wonderous sweet;
Puree of Cat Gut, Creme de Cow,
(I wish I had those dishes now)
Cross Eyed Bullheads then for fish,
More highly flavored none could wish,
And should the Hump Back Suckers fail,
One could be served with Bow Legged Whale.
Next followed that which took the prize,
Crow stuffed with Sawdust, and Horseflies,
Chicken, the vintage of '29,
Yes, both of these were very fine;
Then Soft Corn Fritters, Ivy Balls,
Bread on Butter, entrees all,
Chippies a la Chestnut Street
Dressed with Daring de Concrete;
Vegetables, Parboiled Beans,
Sweet Peas, Dead Beats, and other greens,

Potato Bugs in countless numbers,
Pickles, Quarantine Cucumbers.
Then for Dessert came Printers Pi,
Cheese and a bottle of good strong Lye,
Humbug Pudding trimmed with posies
Jelly—of Glycerine and Roses,
Chestnut Burrs, Sour Grapes, Bell Peels,
Bird's Nests, Paving Blocks and Eels,
Soothing Syrup, you know whose,
Genuine (not sham) pains for booze.

I felt then of my buzzing head
And wished sincerely I was dead
Until a mist my sight invaded,
And swift away the table faded.

A NONSENSE VERSE.

HAND in hand they crawled along,
The Rhododendron Walk.
They heard the bull toad's summer song,
And the big trout's muffled squawk.

The moon, it rose, like a silver cheese,
The black stars grew still blacker,
The rocks were swayed by a midnight breeze,
While a bat cried: "Want a cracker?"

"Wilt thou be mine, my love?" said he
In a voice-like flabby bleat
"Oh, don't ask me just now," she said:
"My shoes are full of feet."

Makers
of
Unique
Volumes

E. St. Elmo Lewis
Henry Squire Corbin
G. Frederic Russell

810
Sansom
Street
Philadelphia
Penn'a.

PUBLISHERS OF

Moods = *A JOURNAL INTIME.*

A New Illustrated Quarterly

Issued,
March
June
September
December

The First Volume is entirely out of print, the entire edition having been exhausted within four days after publication.

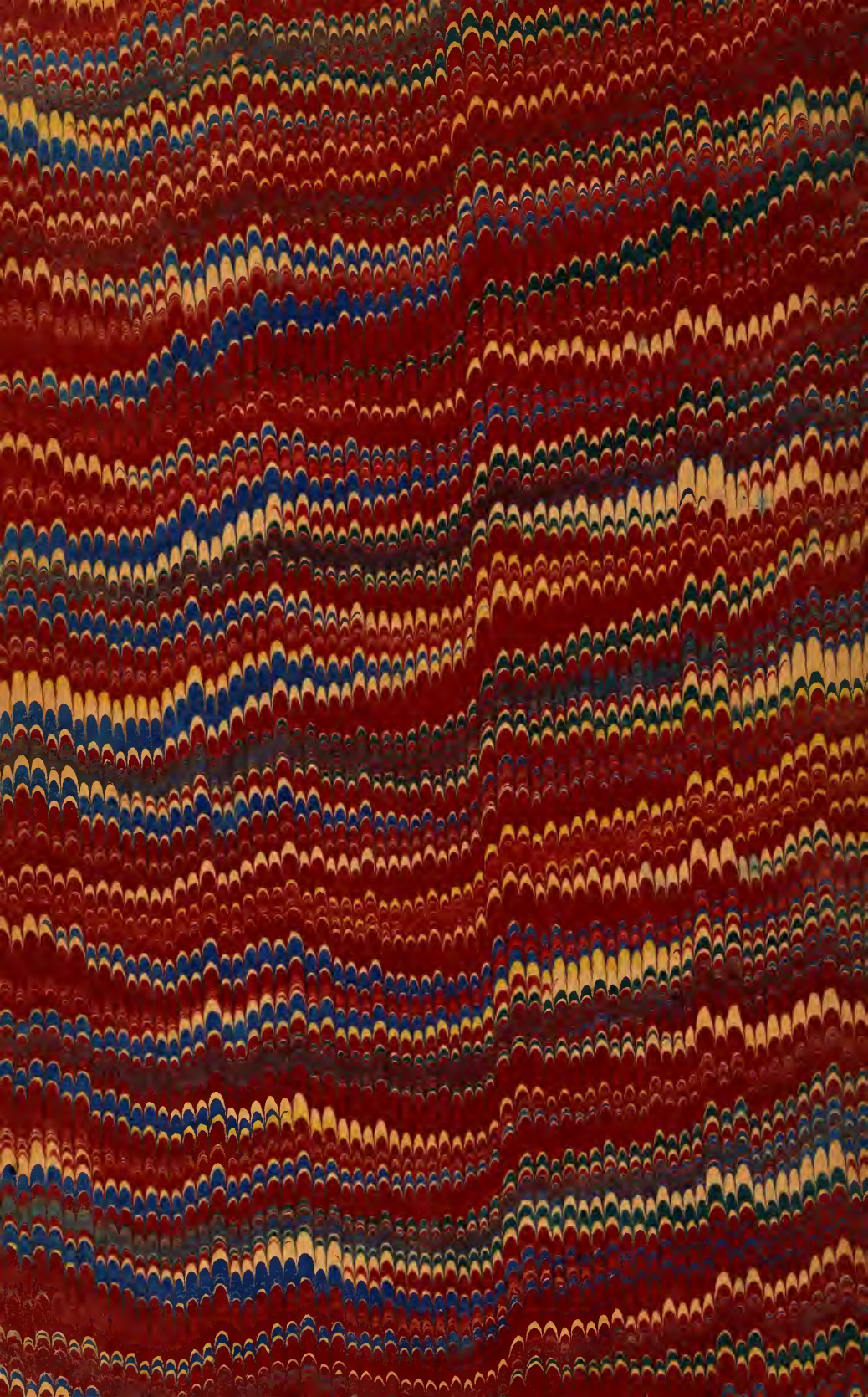
Moods has no creed to preach, and has no concern with the nightmare of the Philistine, Public Taste, but is *a Book Wherein the Artist and the Author Pleaseth Himself.*

A Book for the Biblophile
A Book for the Litterateur
A Book for the Artist
A Book for the Modern

Subscription
One Dollar per
volume, net

The Jenson Press, *810 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Pa.. U.S.A.*

—FOR SALE AT ALL BOOKSELLERS—



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 018 603 849 6